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# THE HOUSE OF DREAMS



EX LIBRIS R. LE G.

*Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,  
Vt superum, sacrae memorem Iunonis ob iram:  
Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem,  
Inferretque deos Latios . . .*

Having no home, what should I do with these,  
Tossed as I am about the sounding seas,  
Sport of exiling winds of change and chance —  
Feet in America, and heart in France.  
Homeless, 't is meet I find my books a home :  
Cofined in crates and cases long they lay,  
Distant from me three thousand miles of foam,  
Dungeoned in cellars cold and nailed away,  
As in a sepulchre, till Judgment Day.  
Lost to their gentle uses in the tomb,  
Cobwebbed companions of the spidered gloom,  
At last they rise again to live once more, —  
Dread resurrection of the auction room.

Books I have loved so well, my love so true  
Tells me 't is time that I should part from you,  
No longer, selfish, hoard and use you not,  
Nor leave you in the unlettered dark to rot,  
But into alien keeping you resign —  
Hands that love books, fear not, no less than mine.

Thus shall you live upon warm shelves again,  
And 'neath an evening lamp your pages glow,  
Others shall press 'twixt leaf and leaf soft flowers,  
As I was wont to press them long ago ;  
And blessings be upon the eyes that rain  
A tear upon my flowers — I mean on "ours" —  
If haply here and there kind eyes shall find  
Some sad old flower that I have left behind.

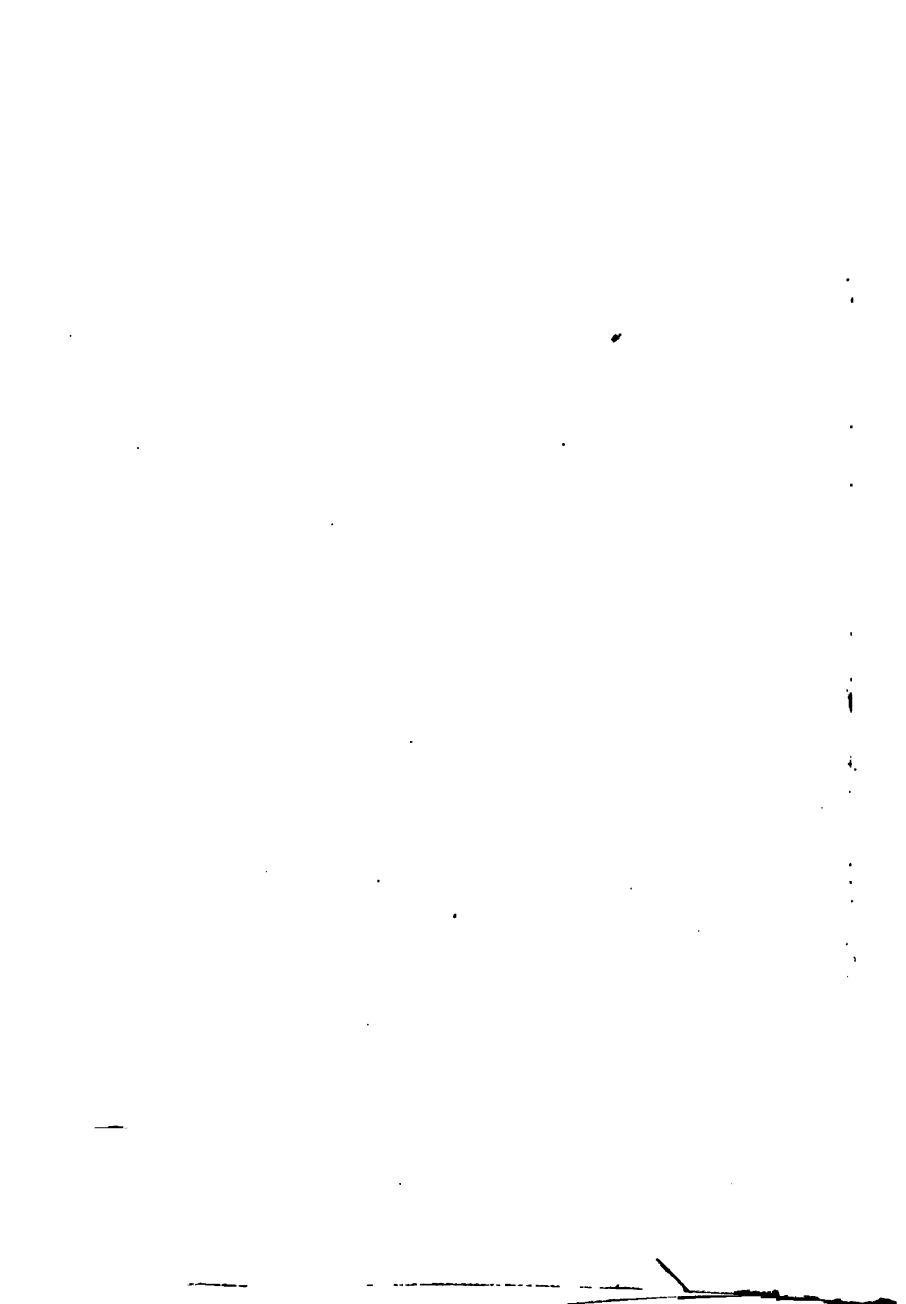
May, 1905

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

NB  
Griffin



WJ R 19 FEB 36



**THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.**







THE  
HOUSE OF  
DREAMS

AND  
OTHER POEMS

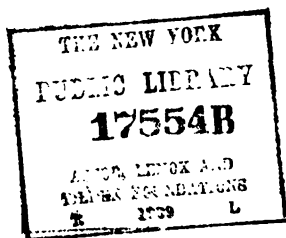


By  
William Griffith.

1894

Albany





Copyright, 1899, by  
William Griffith.

## DEDICATION.

**A**S the earth to its Maker  
Gives back His own making,  
The rose to its taker  
Resigns its own taking;  
As the scroll to its reader  
Reveals his own knowing,  
The field to its seeder  
Returns his own sowing;  
As the mine undiscovered  
Holds gems only known to it,  
The mirror uncovered  
Reflects what is shown to it;  
As the music its sweetness  
To its seeker gives pleasure,  
Or as Song by its fleetness  
Concealing its treasure,  
To the loves of all loving  
The love of the Nine is  
As the most of my having  
To its havers here mine is.

## DEDICATION.

If the breath of all breathing  
    Be the life of all living—  
And if Love thus bequeathing  
    Can get aught for its giving,  
O dear, mystical Mother!  
    To the Sun, nested, swinging,  
I bear nothing other  
    Than songs of thy singing.

## CONTENTS.

Dedication .....	v
The House of Dreams .....	8

### SONGS OF THE WORLD.

A Litany of the Nations .....	17
The Blind Organ-Grinder .....	24

### ITINERARY.

Wayfarers .....	33
Tramping .....	38
The Wanderer .....	44
The Vagabond .....	52
Quest .....	56
Requiescat.....	57

### LYRICS.

Dream of the Hills. ....	61
The Evening Primrose.....	64
The Daffodil.....	66

## CONTENTS.

### SONGS OF HOPE.

I.....	71
II.....	72
III.....	73
IV.....	74
V.....	75
VI.....	76

### SEA SONGS.

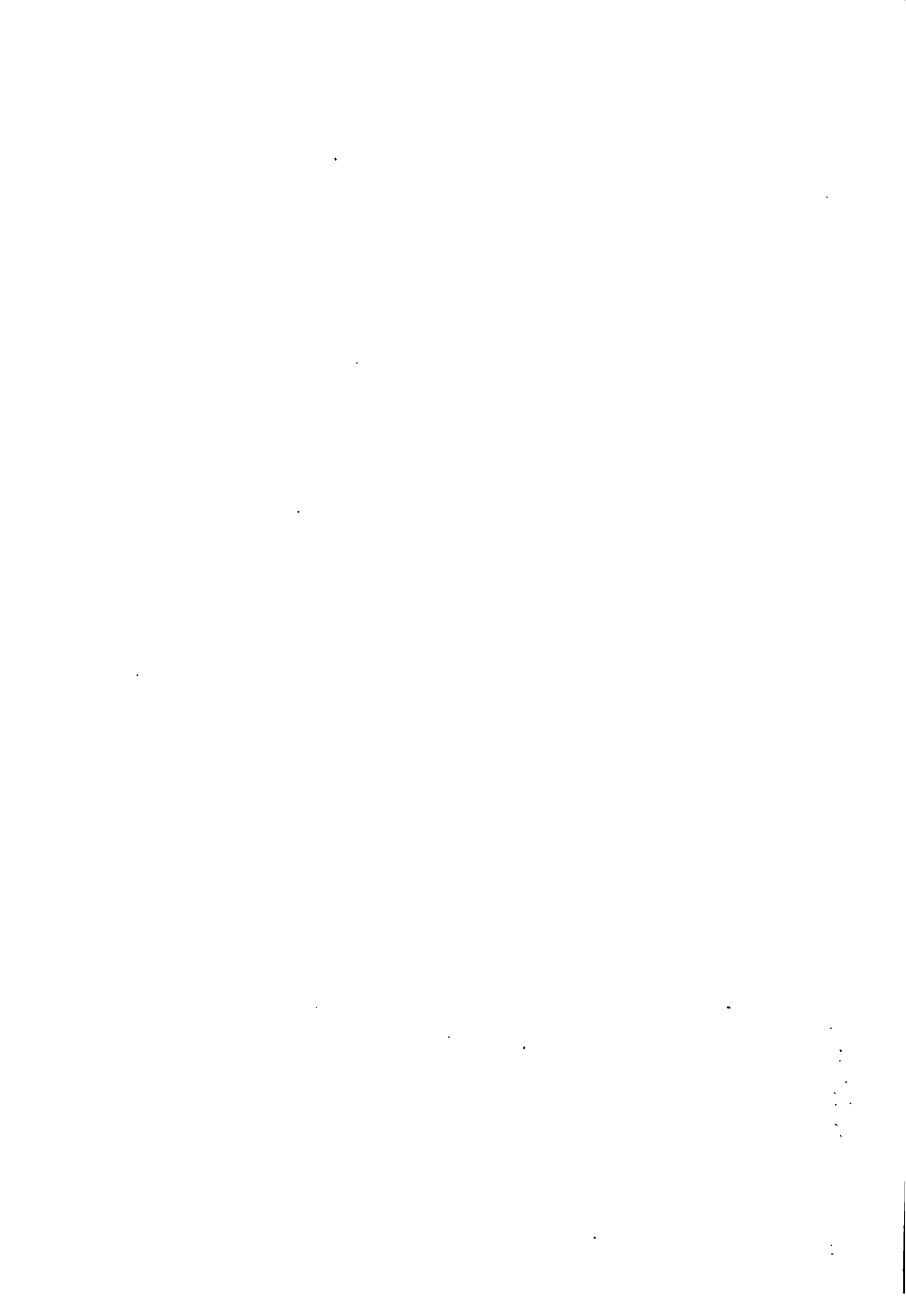
I.....	79
II.....	80
III.....	81

### CAPRICES.

Oberon and Titania (Masque).....	85
The Sisters.....	100
An Umbel for Spring.....	102
Inscription.....	105

THE HOUSE  
OF  
DREAMS.





## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

*To Charles G. D. Roberts.*

**A** N azure dome of trailing galaxies  
Way over hills and plains and seas,  
Here in a world of dreams  
The old house seems

So much like home at times, though never grown  
Familiar really. Alone  
On my monotonous way  
From day to day

I wander through the rooms, across the floors  
Of multitudinous corridors  
Adorned with tapestries  
No mortal eyes

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

On earth may ever fathom awelessly;  
So marvelous they are to see,  
With sceneries, designed  
Ages behind

With overshadowing, terrestrial  
Precipices where rivers fall  
Obediently below,  
Or great winds blow

Dark argosies of clouds above the deep  
Blue seas as muttering thunders leap  
Roaring ere the cowed main  
Subsides again.

Ephemeral beings also seem to move  
Or pause as if some Spirit wove  
Them in a vision. So  
Few seem to know

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Or realize there are more purposes  
Of excellence than to possess  
Materially the dross  
Of gain and loss.

Withal, an audience of cheering hope  
Engrossed among themselves, they grope  
In search of hidden lore  
Forevermore;

While some, with shuddering, despairing ways  
Of hopelessness, about them gaze  
Bewildered, speechless. There  
Is such an air

Of mystery surrounding everything;  
So many voices whispering  
Of meanings weird and strange  
Beyond the range

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Or reach of human utterance. There are  
Dear forms and faces waiting far  
Away, but not above  
The will of love.

Alluring as the miracle appears  
On musing, more than twenty years  
Companioning as thralls;  
At intervals

Emerging from my doorway, in the sun  
Of many a drowsy afternoon  
Or morning soft and warm  
With Spring, they swarm

In multitudes along the thoroughfares,  
Oblivious that each phantom wears  
His cowl as though afraid  
The masquerade

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Were ineffectual or otherwise  
Bewildering discerning eyes  
With revelations more  
Revered of yore.

Day after day while men and women pass  
Me clustering together as  
If fearful to intrude  
On solitude

Asunder (mortals really appear  
So comfortable on more near  
Acquaintance) I believe  
They never grieve

Or have real sorrows of the soul. A few,  
More knowing, seem as if they knew  
Them foolish who complain  
That all is vain:

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

While, strange to say, not one of them but strives  
Indomitably a while, and thrives  
Or wanders from the quest,  
As may be best

Of all when all is over—everyone,  
Of course, whether with duty done  
Or with remorseful end,  
Will comprehend.

Sometimes with the unanimous appeal  
Of faces showing me the real  
Truth of themselves, I walk  
With them and talk

On business or comfortable things  
Of human interest. It wrings  
My wondering soul to learn  
How much they yearn

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

With wistful eyes for something on obscure  
Horizons over hills that lure  
All mortals on with views  
Illuminous

With Paradisal mirages away  
Beyond my caravanserai  
Immuring everyone  
Under the sun

Beneath impenetrable mazes. Most  
Of all I marvel where my Host,  
As Ghibelline or Guelf,  
May house Himself

Among us on the premises—always  
Evading my inquiring gaze  
Effectually and dense  
As reticence



## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Regarding whomsoever may profess  
To know immortal messages,  
Bearing the signature  
Of Heaven, lure

The simple and the curious. It seems  
There are innumerable themes  
Becoming obvious  
Enough to us

Who raise the awful tapestries. We cower  
Amazed and terrified when our  
Own mortal Visage looms  
Up in the rooms

Yonder disclosing the ineffable,  
Self-same, illuminating, well  
Known features with the wise,  
Sad human eyes

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

On fire with smouldering meanings full of wild  
Desires commingling with the mild,  
Harmless reproaches of  
Enduring love.

Albeit maddening demons haunt the place  
So ominously, not a trace  
Does wall or door reveal  
Of all that steal

In, time to time, with voices summoning  
Belated hosts whose harrowing  
Reverberations roll  
Around my soul.

Mumbling and daft and crazing as the moan  
Or plangent sobbing of some lone,  
Unfathomable sea  
Alluring me

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Away from all my fellows—day and night  
Urging and mastering despite  
The most unyielding lust  
Born of the dust.

Whenever death may choose to terminate  
Our joyous intercourse and wait  
On mortals evermore  
Beyond my door,

Just during some calm evening may the voice  
Of Nature, bidding all rejoice  
In wilding beauty, be  
The call for me

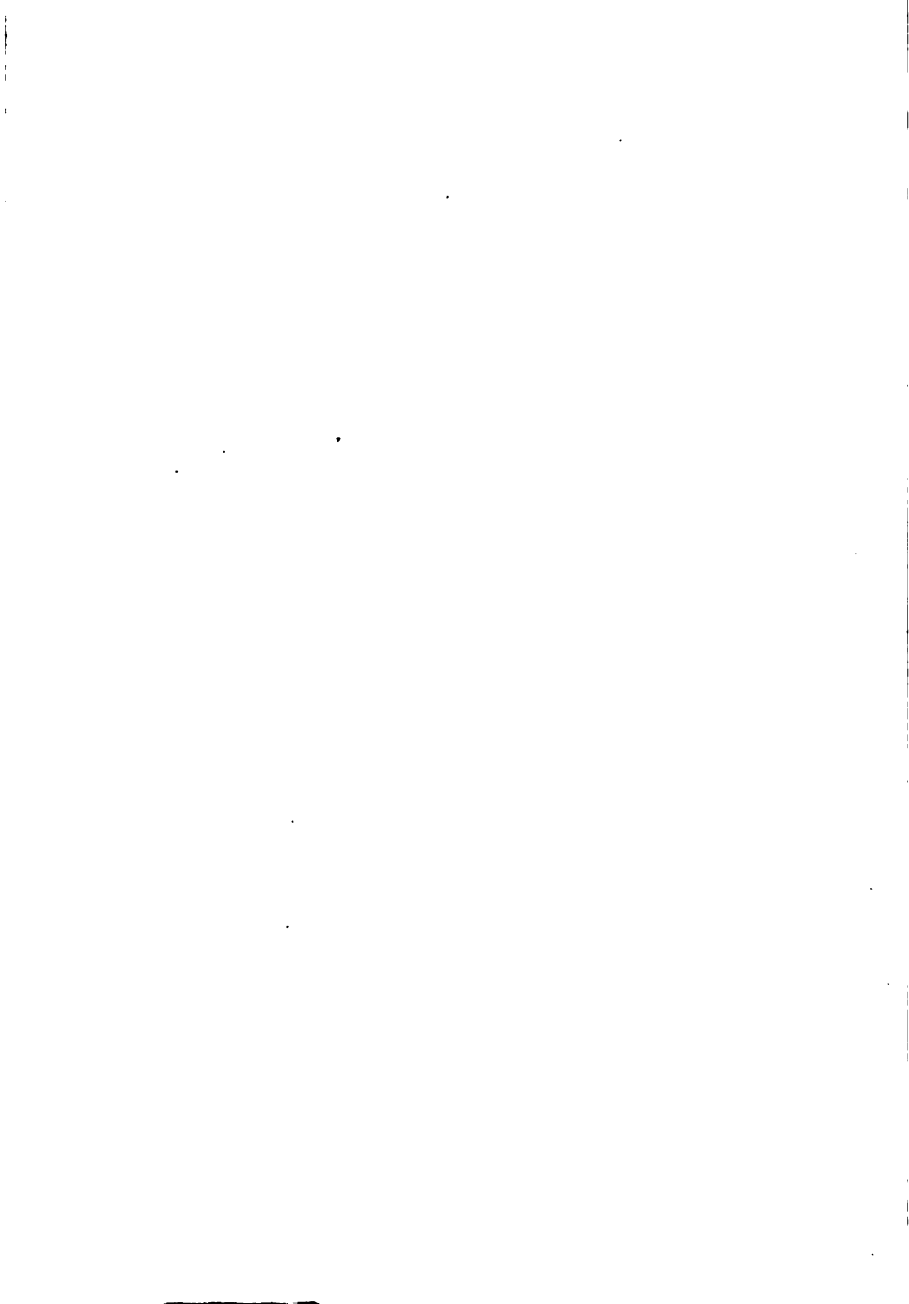
On the eternal hills with stars and breeze  
In fellowship, becoming these  
Same forms as they have been  
Or known or seen

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

The vast infinitude wherein must be  
Once more a hazy memory  
Of glimmering chambers trod  
Alone with God.



SONGS  
OF  
THE WORLD.



## A LITANY OF THE NATIONS.

*The nations shall rush like the rushing  
of many waters . . . . and shall be chased  
before the wind. ISAIAH XVII. 13.*

## GREECE.

A THOUSAND æons wandered down the seas,  
And at one great, immortal voice,\* the sweet  
Tranquility of marching silences  
Was broken at my feet.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, O hear us!*

---

\*Homer.



## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

### ITALY.

A Janus form and still a spherul bride  
With steadfast eyes set toward Rome's glories  
gone,  
Afar I clomb and wept and hailed my wide,  
Reincarnated dawn.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, O hear us!*

### FRANCE.

Vine-clad, imperial, majestic—save  
Gay mediæval heroes of romance,  
Orion wheeleth over whom more brave,  
More beautiful than France!

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, O hear us!*

## SONGS OF THE WORLD.

### SPAIN.

A world between my hands, down south the Line  
Rode galleons abroad, and from the prize  
I laid Golconda at her golden shrine  
And worshiped Avarice.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, O hear us!*

### SWITZERLAND.

From mountains crowned with freedom, I repeat  
The skies' great secret, Time's eternal quest,  
Above the nations thundering at my feet—  
And overlook the West.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, O hear us!*

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

### GERMANY.

Antiphonal and broadcast, as of yore,  
Adown Saharan wastes, from shoreless seas  
Of wildest, rippling dulcitude, I pour  
Earth-flooding harmonies.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, O hear us!*

### RUSSIA.

All Winters come and all the Summers go,  
And all the starry watchmen sally forth  
Above yon thousand hills where waiteth—lo!  
The Warden of the North.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, O hear us!*

## SONGS OF THE WORLD.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

Far-flung and overstrown, by British sails,  
With border-fringing colonies—unfurled  
And spread from my broad shoulders—downward  
trails  
The raiment of the world.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, O hear us!*

### AMERICA.

Westward, O westward still all empire goes!  
And westward where the cosmic balance lies  
High on my palm, the splendid Future glows  
Forever in my eyes.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, O hear us!*

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

### JAPAN.

Amid the warring peoples I, that slept  
And dreamed of wide dominion—confident,  
Ambitious, urging and sublime—have stept  
Out from the Orient.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, O hear us!*

### CHINA.

August, majestic, hapless, overrun  
By crowding multitudes, and still elate  
With Time behind, above me moves the Sun,  
Oblivion and Fate.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, O hear us!*

## SONGS OF THE WORLD.

### TURKEY.

Over the Orient a trumpet peals

From Heaven, reverberating on the sweet,  
Cold, shuddering starlight as a nation kneels  
For mercy at Thy feet.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore  
Remember us and, near us  
Beseeching Thee forevermore,  
Hear, still hear us!*

## THE BLIND ORGAN-GRINDER.

### *A Ballad.*

A thousand ways the millions toiled—  
And still throughout the land, elate  
With whetted fangs, the factions coiled  
Around a pallid State.

The Winters came; the Summers went;  
The wan stars fled before the sun;  
The bow of darkness still was bent;  
The nations thundered on;

And Spring, in happy, sweet amaze,  
Still as of yore, her cheeks impearled,  
Spread like a carpet for the days,  
The beauty of the world:

## SONGS OF THE WORLD.

While night by night, now dim descried  
In galaxies—a starried zone,  
The smouldering cities, far and wide,  
Like constellations shone.

•

Wherein begrimed from year to year,  
With warring souls amid the slime,  
Men herded through the streets to hear  
The heaving anvils chime.

•

Lawyers and workmen—slaves of Fate,  
With beggars, harlots, wives—a proud,  
Majestic, surging, squalid, great  
And many-featured crowd.

For this was even such a time,  
With men unholy, women bold,  
As once in that far eastern clime,  
The prophet had foretold:



## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

When rich and poor alike, grown lewd,  
With brazen scorn upheld above  
All else, all vice—defiling good  
As mockers of sweet love.

And on the masses surged and swayed  
Adown the night with pulsing feet,  
Where some forgotten beggar played  
An organ of the street

Close to the curb, unnoticed save  
By one companion at his side;  
His little daughter, poor and brave:  
“A penny, please!”—she cried.

“A penny, please!”—The crowd moved on  
Heedless of that weak, piteous cry;  
They had no time for such, and none  
Had ears for charity.

## SONGS OF THE WORLD.

The day at last swept through the dawn;  
The twilight lilies, one by one,  
Faded around the stars—the lone  
Outriders of the sun,

While morn set in; the beggar still  
Turned out his doleful organ tune;  
Hungry and blind he toiled until  
The slow sun stood at noon.

When lo! within his ear a faint,  
Approaching, dulcet harmony  
Began with allegrettos quaint  
As of some melody

Lost in a wilderness of far,  
Melodious oboes keen and strong,  
Wherein one lone, belated star  
Had broken into song.

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

The day wore on; the twilight lowered;  
Again night came, and still in sweet  
Orchestral strains the music poured  
Its marvel through the street.

Starvation stared athwart the gloom:  
The beggar, stranger to a meal,  
Hastened to meet his awful doom  
With one last wild appeal—

“O Father, Father God, here take . . . .  
Here take me! Daughter, come,”—he said.  
Dread silence reigned. Starved, starved!  
Christ's sake!  
The little girl was dead.

Straightway from Heaven a cloud was lowered  
Above that strange, majestic throng;  
From aching flutes archangels poured  
Sweet music full and strong.

## SONGS OF THE WORLD.

Someone approached the sleeping pair:

All Heaven drew nigh—a galaxy

Of radiant eyes with faces there

Beneficent to see.

“Come,” said the Stranger, “now arise;

The seraphim await you here!”

Then fell, he knew not, from Those eyes,

A diamond or a tear.

Lo, straight at Heaven’s gate they stood!

God led them in; the angels sang;

Like sweet bells chiming through the blood,

The echoes softly rang.

Whence looking out far down below

The systems whirled, while far away,

A crimson, driving flake of snow,

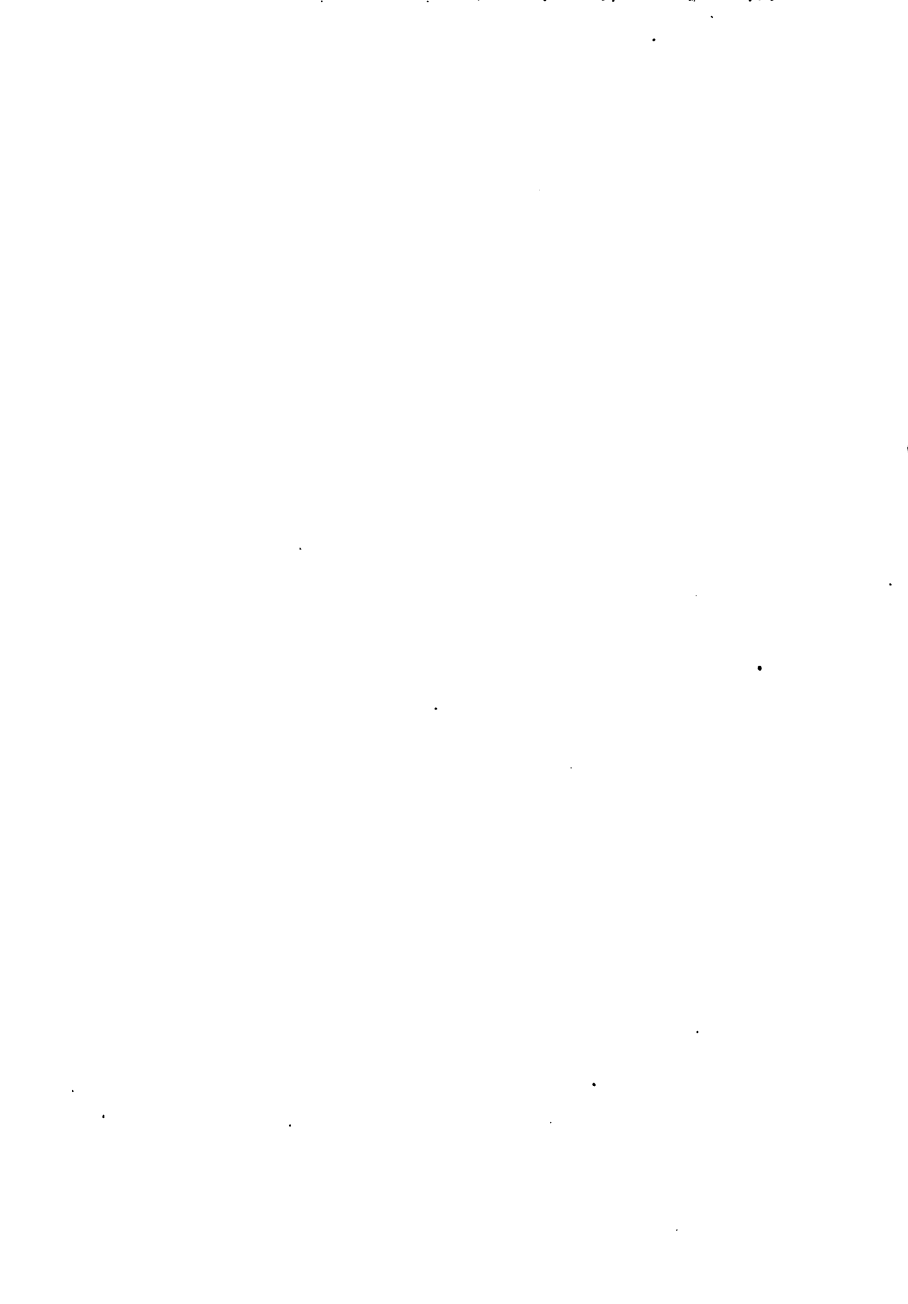
The earth stood back to day.

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

And Winters come while Summers go;  
The wan stars flee before the sun;  
The Night yet bends her darkened bow;  
The nations thunder on;

While still in happy, sweet amaze,  
The Spring, her rosy cheeks impearled,  
Spreads like a carpet for the days,  
The beauty of the world.

## ITINERARY.



## WAYFARERS.

**A** COMPANY we are of queer,  
Masked wanderers who here  
Carouse  
In our wide house;

Arriving ever since the prime  
With multitudes who climb  
Its stair—  
Say, ah, say where!

Whether as guests or captives who  
Do angels but pursue;  
Of heaven  
At birth bereaven.



## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

All who are fleeing from the grace  
Of yonder pitying Face  
You shun,  
What have you done?

As buds afar, ere blossoming,  
As flowers, ere reaching Spring,  
May know  
Some prescient woe,

Awaiting final ministries  
We revelers, ill at ease,  
Attend  
The gradual end.

A wanderer beneath the sun  
Himself remembers one  
Who viewed  
The multitude.

## ITINERARY.

Albeit he was hopelessly  
Misjudged and never free  
From strife,  
He lived *his* life.

So far from Paradise removed,  
On earth his spirit roved  
The well  
Scorched paths of hell,

Unnoted even while, endued  
With penitence, he sued  
*Those* wise,  
Averted eyes.

Alas! how far away his call  
For mercy, knowing all  
Would be  
A mystery

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Of holier divining, yet  
Unable to forget  
The fears  
Of many years;

Believing never mortal spirit  
Intended to inherit  
A lone  
Oblivion.

Oblivion—unwilling Will  
Outbreathing from the still,  
Vague stress  
Of consciousness.

Whereover at One postern light  
When, roving that long night  
Abroad,  
Far on the road—

## ITINERARY.

Some calm, lone, summer morning we  
World-wanderers may be  
Returned one company  
Of yore,  
At Home once more.

### TRAMPING.

*Children of Nature waiting, all  
Expectant of Her certain call  
For us, we loiter at the heart  
Of Summer—ready to depart.*

O VER the hills from the jostle and press  
Of the aching and hollow weariness,

With the heart of a child once more, and free  
As the joyous voice of the sun to the sea,

Leaving the world behind, with its cares  
Thronging the busy thoroughfares

## ITINERARY.

All day long where disguises harass  
A soul, we wave and whistle and pass

Over the bridges, out through the broad  
Gates of the Summer and down the road.

Merry as gypsies following one  
Hope in the distance beckoning on

Illusively as a soul endued  
With the calm, mysterious solitude

More glorious because of a word  
Of wonder filling the song of a bird,

We are away with the daffodils  
On the myriad trail of a thousand-hills.

Climbing many a sloping lawn  
Skyward over the valleys, on

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

The summits lingering to gaze  
Over the billowy leagues of maize

Waving miles away and far  
As the calling waters are

Bidding us explore the rude,  
Joyous freedom of the wood.

A warbling chorus overhead  
Of rapturous voices, and a bed

Down in the valley where a flush  
Of glory mantles the underbrush

Of dewy leaves. O leaves and dew,  
We are but wanderers with you

Dear sharers of ephemeral  
Mortality that, during all

## ITINERARY.

The trampling marches of the rain,  
Awakens, wanes and sleeps again!

A glimpse of sorrow while we press  
On exploring the wilderness

Of regions never known to tire  
Out the wandering desire;

Garrulous as idle leaves  
Gossiping on Summer eves

Over the forest, over the lone  
Avenues in a monotone.

Miles on miles of forests ere  
Wearying voices of the air

Summon us as comrades bent  
On sharing the same commodious tent



## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Of darkness starrily pitched at night  
By the wandering waters of delight.

Heaven glimmering in between  
The rustling foliage of green

Above us chiming merry tales  
Around the camp-fires in the vales.

All night dreaming of the shrill  
Whistles of the whip-poor-will

In the wilderness, as they  
Of the comrade spirit may

Only who must breast the chance  
Blows of passing circumstance.

Able from our souls to lend  
The word of courage to a friend

## ITINERARY.

Or a brother who must face  
Being with the commonplace;

Over hills and woods and streams,  
Whistling down the road of dreams

Evermore, we journey as  
Comrades going home who pass

Waving fellows of the sod  
In the company of God.

## THE WANDERER.

*I loaf and invite my Soul . . .  
How curious! How real!  
Underfoot the divine soil—Overhead  
the sun!—WALT WHITMAN.*

A COMFORTABLE fellow, poor  
As he appears  
Withal, and I have known him more  
Than twenty years

To seem so reticently wise  
With mortals, save  
For such interrogating eyes,  
Rivals the grave.

## ITINERARY.

And evermore awaiting news,  
Day in and out  
Across the busy avenues,  
Wanders about

Soliciting a word or two,  
Or just the hand  
Of some old crony passing—you  
May understand

That heavy touch of loneliness  
Acknowledged when  
Amid the shouting and the press  
Of many men.

They say an oddity and yet,  
With fewer dimes  
Than pockets even, I have met  
Him oftentimes

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Recklessly squandering every cent  
That he was worth,  
On some slack-coated mendicant  
Of Mother earth,

Repenting leisurely. I ween  
Another ell  
For his own covering had been  
Acceptable.

And while oblivious of that  
Inquiring gaze  
Occasioning such glances at  
His funny ways,

Reveres existence, thinking less  
Of ways and woes  
Than yonder millionaires who bless  
Mammon, and goes

## ITINERARY.

On bankrupting description so  
    Completely through  
The spacious thoroughfares as though  
    He never knew,

On all the earth, apparently,  
    Another home  
Commodious as having free  
    Expanse to roam.

An alien and waif who seems  
    So far away  
From all the customary themes  
    Of every day;

Appearing usually above  
    Familiar  
Surroundings as acquaintance of  
    Another star

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

I dare believe, or intimate  
    With more than one  
Of yonder pensioners that wait  
    Upon the sun

All Summer in the retinue  
    Of frontier flowers  
That vanish only to pursue  
    The racing hours.

Outlandish upper story? Well,  
    Of all the muss  
And trumpery men ever tell  
    Of, curious

Old fashions from the cloisters brought  
    Beneath his hat  
And cupboarded forever—not  
    A word of that

## ITINERARY.

To any one, or I shall be  
Constrained to share  
Reproving consequences—see  
That shadow there

Beyond my table, moving out  
Across the floor  
At intervals. Someone about  
The corridor

Eavesdropping probably: these rooms  
Hear everything  
Above the slightest whisper—comes  
Of gossiping

Of course, and so as quietly  
As possible  
Another moment! On a spree,  
The neighbors tell



## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Each other, preferably he roves  
    Across the blue  
Ranges of Autumn often—loves  
    The people too

And idolizes children as  
    A wanderer  
Kinsman following with the grass,  
    Can well aver;

Albeit not another knows  
    Him really  
Beyond appearances, so close  
    And quiet he

Arranges matters that some day,  
    When April fills  
The world with glory, he will stray  
    Over the hills

## ITINERARY.

Far down across the Summer, hand  
    In hand alone,  
Once more, with Nature's children and  
    Just be as one

Incorporeal with the dews  
    Of skies and breeze,  
Wayfaring on the avenues  
    Of dreams and peace.

## THE VAGABOND.

**A**LL day at ease, from street to street  
I stroll about the town;  
Sometimes with scarce enough to eat,  
While sometimes, up and down  
Upon my face, the passers trace  
A dislocated frown:

For one thus roving through the land  
With Hunger playing wife,  
Begins right off to understand,  
While dancing to the fife,  
The comedy, the greatness and  
The littleness of life.

## ITINERARY.

My clothes may claim to be akin  
    To cousin-german shreds,  
For often chalkily the skin  
    Peers through the latticed threads;  
But when a man begins to plan  
    And hum and haw, he weds

An inconvenient, shrewish Fate—  
    Tell them for me—and Pride,  
In masquerade, is but a late  
    Collector who must ride  
Unrecompensed from gate to gate  
    Where gentlemen reside.

Once long ago it was my luck  
    Or fortune, as you leave,  
By stumbling over Love to pluck  
    Some devil by the sleeve;  
Whence through a dame my purse became  
    The double of a sieve.

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Wherefore I took me to the last  
Resort of poverty;  
Compelled to break a gnawing fast  
Or starve, one night when she,  
My love, lay sick—I choked the past,  
With Hell drawn nigh to see

A man defying God. I stole;  
To save a wife—to save  
The only one in all this whole  
Creation who forgave  
The little sin of Nature in  
A conscientious slave.

But well I know a storm is more  
Than many think they raise;  
That there is many another poor,  
Forgotten devil pays  
Some ferry-fare to carry o'er  
The marks of other days.

## ITINERARY.

So, while the moments slip and slide  
    From Winter into Spring,  
With hedges flushing either side  
    The country lanes, I bring  
Across the mart a foolish heart  
    To hear the finches sing

Of gypsy joys beyond the town;  
    Where daisies climb the scars  
All Summer from the shouts that drown  
    The birds—their happy bars;  
The while I wave and pass far down  
    Beneath the silent stars.

## QUEST.

**A**MONG the daisies of the lanes,  
Oblivious of all merciless  
Desires, a rover on the plains  
Of Beauty sought for happiness

A little hour or so—and tears  
Fell on the branches of the tree  
Where he had plucked the petaled years,  
As fewer grew the days to be.

The shrill and aching tears became  
As quenching dew beneath the sun;  
And happiness was but the same  
Old hope that better would be done.

## REQUIESCAT.

*Comrades,*

A FOREST of weary days  
We explore—but O why gaze  
Or point where a vanished face  
Passed over the sundown rills,

When the blue-bird voices sing  
That all chance remembering  
Must be as a migrant Spring—  
And a hunter gone from the hills?





## LYRICS.



## DREAM OF THE HILLS.

**A** DREAMER worn with many dreams  
Of weariness, borne in to me  
Unsummoned, subtler than the themes  
Impassioning the sea

Melodiously, some lyric note  
Or something whispered by the breeze,  
Drives my heart welling to my throat  
With old-time memories

Of harvest-homes and fair demesnes  
With all the meadow-farms, and O  
Across the hills, familiar scenes  
And faces long ago!

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Lo, lo—a waft of magic wands!  
The city fades away; bedight  
With miles of shade, the orchard lands  
Sweep slowly into sight:

As far off past the little town  
And highways flushed with happy rains,  
My aimless footsteps idle down  
The quiet Summer lanes.

I see the woods; I hear the quail's  
Wild whistles where the placid rills  
Flow down forever by the dales  
And cattle on the hills.

A sloping ridge; with shaded eyes  
Above the waving fields of hay  
Below me, only sunny skies  
And reapers far away.

## LYRICS.

And faint winds whisper here and there,  
And something passes in the breeze  
Beyond all thoughts, and thrills the air  
With dewy memories

Of old-time haunts and fair demesnes  
With thriving meadow-farms, and O  
Across the hills, familiar scenes  
And faces long ago!

### THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

**T**HE earliest lark had climbed to meet  
The sun, and though the Forest swept  
Her rustling skirts o'er vanished feet,  
The light prints told where Morning stept;

While sifted through the bashful gloom,  
The soft daylight fell pink and fair;  
The world was all one rosy bloom  
With mantling blushes in the air.

For O a beauteous sisterhood  
Of blossoms there together grew—  
And there a little primrose stood  
As Nature drew her curtains to!

## LYRICS.

She dreamed her dreams, and never gazed  
Beyond her little curtain fold,  
Before the Twilight came and raised  
For me a little face of gold.

Although it was a little face  
And but a primrose Time had sown,  
None other saw her shyly raise  
The beauty that was mine alone.

And somewhere, if I only see  
In passing, dropped from hour to hour  
Down through the years, Love has for me  
A little flower, a little flower.



## THE DAFFODIL.

A TRAMP of hoofs, one steady beat  
Of heavy wagons through the street  
All day—and still,  
Here in the dust a little sweet  
Spring daffodil

Lies trampled under, roughly torn;  
No more so gladly to adorn  
Or O to raise,  
With sister blossoms to the morn,  
An eager face!

The woodland waters shall relate  
Thy tender graciousness, and wait  
Amid the fern,  
Oblivious, laughingly, of Fate,  
Some rare return :

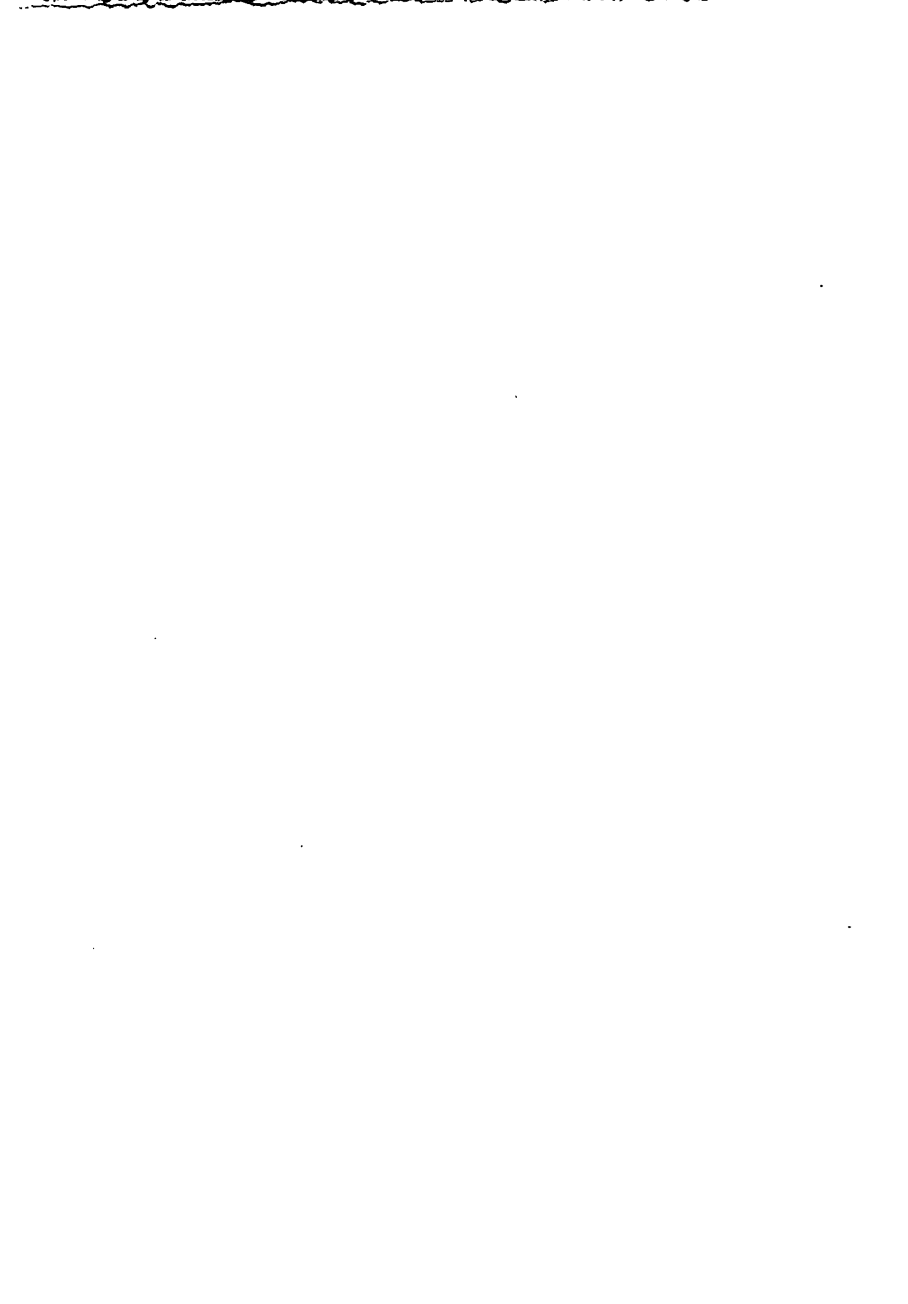
## LYRICS.

While unremembered here and blown  
Along the way; neglected, grown  
    So sorely flushed  
And withered now, thou art alone,  
    Forgotten, crushed.

The dew just lingers as a dear  
Remembrance where some angel tear  
    Was suffered start.  
Did someone injure Nature here  
    And break her heart?



SONGS  
OF  
HOPE.



I.

**W**AYFARING onward ever  
From dream to dream, we stray  
Into the morrow country,  
Out of the yesterday

Of all remembrance, leaving  
The frontiers of distress  
Behind where some divinely  
Beckoning happiness,

Over the dawning moment  
Of darkness, shall fulfill  
The great dream of the daring,  
Indomitable Will.

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

### II.

**L**ORD of the sun's blue-domed pavilion;  
Now in the heart of the whole world  
over,  
Grant, O grant for a toiling million,  
The wistful wish of a jocund rover!

Grant Thou and give unto whom belongs,  
When the dream of a perfect day departs,  
An urging joy for a thousand songs—  
With the song of Hope for a thousand hearts.

## SONGS OF HOPE.

### III.

THE world has slowly beckoned ;  
The time—the time has come ;  
Once more we say farewell  
In the little Western home.

Once more the old hills vanish ;  
The faces all retire  
Once more, and Hope seems only  
The urgency of desire.



## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

### IV.

**H**OPE, in its dominance, may part  
Or raise the heavy lids of day;  
Love, under sentence of delay,  
Brings sickness to the heart.

And somewhere filled with ecstasy,  
While your hand touches mine, a chant  
Rises melodious, resonant—  
O like a calling sea!

## SONGS OF HOPE.

### V.

**A**LONE have you come, and to me  
You have brought through the silent night  
One Hope for the dream and a bright  
Sun-touch for its memory:

You have brought like a Spring—the dew;  
And the Gatherer of the hours,  
From the fairest dreams of the flowers,  
Will gather thoughts of you.

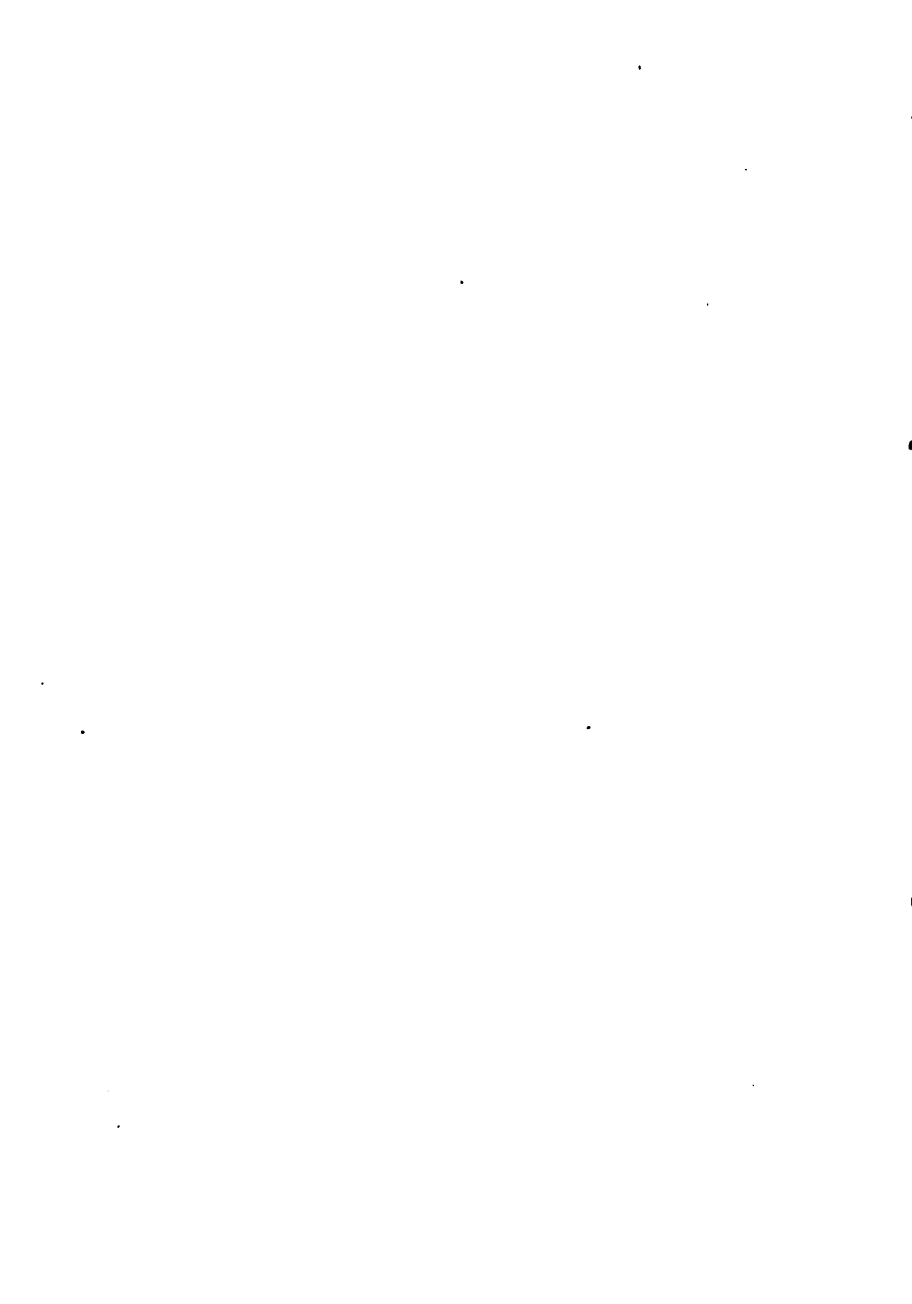
## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

### VI.

THE woods shall mourn, and Autumn, wan  
With maladies, shall go;  
The roses may forget their own  
Glad-heartedness, but O

You came with Hope, and while to-day  
At eventide we stand,  
This pledge, your loveliest and last,  
Rests warmly in my hand!

SEA SONGS.



I.

**L**OVE, look less wistfully out thro' the night!  
Still as the whirling gold galaxies flee,  
Quelled with remembrance and wild with delight,  
Beats the strong heart of the sea.

Yea, as the fierce wind arises and fills  
Full of drenched foam, share a shelter with  
me  
Still while in darkness now calling the hills,  
Rings the great cry of the sea!

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

### II.

ONE hour the year's great secret dwells,  
At Autumn's crimson close,  
Upon her murmurous lips and quells  
The passion of the rose.

While in Thy veins of purest snow  
A sun-white fervency  
Runs riotous as from some slow  
Insistence of the sea.

## SEA SONGS.

### III.

#### *In Memoriam.*

**B**ENEATH the stars one ocean sleeps  
In dreamless solitude, and one  
Croons as the Dawn from bright arms leaps  
Where nestled she against the sun.

No longer comes an angel voice,  
An angel voice no longer goes,  
Nor bids the crimson woods rejoice,  
Nor wakes the wonder of the rose.





## CAPRICES.





## OBERON AND TITANIA.

(Masque.)

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

MOONLIGHT.

SIRENUS.

RAINDROP.

FANCY.

JACK FROST.

SUNBEAM.

ZEPHYR.

Elves, Fairies, and Pixies.

SCENE.—Midnight in Arden Forest.

*The King and Queen of the Fairies discovered before an open space on canopied thrones of leaves and flowers. A bordering rivulet wandering out beneath the trees as over running laughter. The forest bathed in moonlight. Robin Goodfellow approaches as*

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

### PROLOGUE.

Now raise conjectural fancies of a time  
When Nature, worn with dark and feverous hours,  
Resumes her quiet restfulness. All air  
Is hushed save where the far-off chanticleer  
Shrilly assails, across the meadow-farms,  
Some neighboring countryside. The oaks do  
muse;

The drowsy alders sway—while trooping forth  
With Oberon and Queen Titania  
O'erskipping intervening oceans from  
The Thulé caves, these elfin companies  
Adorn our moving pantomime as shapes  
And shadows of a maiden's fantasies.  
Antique, capricious, humorous and droll  
Embodied meanings, not unnatural  
Around the forest, gather into view;  
While slowly onward, as the spirits pass,  
Oblivion's smile attends a weary world  
Adown wide corridors of dreams and peace.

*Elves and Fairies appear during the prologue and, after a few measures, disperse dimly among the trees.*

## CAPRICES.

OBERON.

Aha! My leal, incony travelers,  
Come hither!

ALL.

Alder-liefest Oberon!

OBERON.

As midnight creeps away, while darkness veils  
The towering shoulders of the universe,  
Once more from viewless habitations far  
Away, while weaving dreams of happiness  
On soft, inviting pillows of repose  
In Greece and India, my starry host  
Of sympathizing little ones that soothe  
Misfortunes weeping over loneliness,  
All welcome once more to the bosky slopes  
Of Arden!

TITANIA.

O Arden, where all the elves  
Of Elfland dwelt in happy days of yore,  
Ere the sweet Swan of Avon sailed away  
On shoreless seas of glory!

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

SIRENUS.

Ever since  
Then, Summer wanders sadly down the world  
As mourning over beautiful romance  
That is no more. The nights are empty now  
Of all midsummer dreams, and hunters on  
The elfin hills of Fancy far between.

FANCY.

Ah me, ah me! Since then!

OBERON.

Since then, truly  
The hurrah of the world bewilders those  
Who shuffle off the burr of gravity  
In Periodical forgetfulness . . . . .  
Nathless, my tricky revelers of night,  
All now take hands and merrily each sprite,  
Relating quaint adventures, toss a purse  
Of Fairy money to the universe  
Down yonder slumbering: the death of Mirth  
And burial of Joy was Sorrow's birth.

## CAPRICES.

*All take hands, dancing mazy  
measures in the moonlight, and  
merrily troll the lullaby.*

High and low, rocking slow  
In their cradles airily,  
Rook and wren slumber when  
Over Arden warily  
We do wander down the night,  
To the left and to the right  
Wheeling O as we go  
Tripping onward fairily  
While Time fiddles merrily.

### ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Canes and crutches! Pff! A reeling measure  
For one so heavy. Tavern ingles! So.

### OBERON.

A finger-length of immortality.  
Come hither, Fancy—now while yonder owl  
Grows hoarse declaiming in the wilderness  
At intervals, assail thy memory



## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Or tame the whistling coursers of the air  
For swift conveyance to thy provinces.  
Whither away, most beauteous spirit?

FANCY.

Mounting always on some sky  
Voyage of discovery,  
As a falcon soars, to rule  
Quarries of the beautiful;  
Now on earth, then far away  
Through the flaming gates of day  
Into Paradise I dare  
Venture sailing over bare,  
Wind-walled turrets of the air  
Everywhere, everywhere.

TITANIA.

Prithee, remember Lucifer!

OBERON.

And know  
Thy utmost power, for they fall indeed  
Who dwell among the stars. Aha, Sunbeam!

## CAPRICES.

### SUNBEAM.

On some Oriental course  
Drifting down the universe,  
As a priest in summer bowers  
Gayly marrying the flowers,  
Or awakening with mirth  
Blossoms dreaming in the earth;  
While dissolving to explore,  
Warmly, every apple-core,  
Marshaling the clouds I soar  
Evermore, evermore.

### OBERON.

A most warm-hearted fellow, so.

### ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

A cross  
Between red-haired Apollo and his wise  
Old universal smile when Bacchus made  
Oblivion out of wine. Diana jumped

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Across the Zodiac and fled before  
The reeling stars down Watling Street.

TITANIA.

No more,  
Robin, no more! Wee minion of the moon,  
Come this way! Whither hast thou wandered all  
Night long amid the starry wilderness?

MOONLIGHT.

Melancholy, sweet and lone  
As a vision, I have strown  
Silvery lilies on the grass  
Where all happy lovers pass  
Quickening the stars above  
All the earth with kisses of  
Passion and the queen of love.

OBBERON.

Examine into this most carefully,  
Robin. Omit no detail, for the times  
Are dislocated certainly.

## CAPRICES.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Ho, ho!

No Mantuan swain need bawl for clemency  
To-morrow.

OBERON.

Well said. Hither, reveler!

RAINDROP.

Every evening as each  
Of the little children reach  
Sleepytown almost, the fleet,  
Rainy patterings of feet,  
In the summer-time aloof  
Over attics, furnish proof  
Of the Fairies on the roof.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Aha-ha! Rogues and rascals multiply  
As famously as mortals quarreling  
With Fortune.

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

TITANIA.

All which shamefully deceives  
The melancholy Bishop on the verge  
Of hospitality when summer showers  
Delay unwary travelers.

OBERON.

Sessa!  
Cogs-wounds, enough! Assoil this icicle  
Before his shadow freezes on the ground.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Good-lack!

OBERON.

Out, out! Elbow the atmosphere,  
Robin, or study thy nativity  
With extreme heedfulness. An patience proves  
A weary mare, thy dignity will limp  
As painfully as modern pensioners  
Applying for a competence.

## CAPRICES.

In times  
Of peace, all scars are coinable. The wise  
Man with his honesty must cool  
Impatient heels before the reigning fool,  
As the old adage paces.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Honesty,  
Of wide acquaintance, meets with villainous,  
Low, fat and greasy citizens among  
Corporeal multitudes.

TITANIA.

Aha-ha! Views  
That smack of observation, but a most  
Threadbare philosophy. Hush, hush! A still,  
Small, rimy voice craves audience.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Egad!  
A walking relic of antiquity.

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

JACK FROST.

Appearing to mortal view  
A translated drop of dew,  
Soldering rebellious years  
As with penitential tears,  
Many evenings on the ricks,  
While the scheming stars plan tricks  
Overhead to trip the day,  
Boreas and Frosty lay  
Dreaming winter-time away.

OBERON.

As worthy children of Medusa or  
Perhaps some petrified metonymy  
Delivered shivering. Uncommon things  
Have been discredited before.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

The most  
Improbable seem most probable.

## CAPRICES.

TITANIA.

More

Reverence, good fellow! Midnight ambles on  
Impetuously. Before Aurora lays  
Her rosy fingers on the draperies  
Of Paradise, one and all fairily  
Follow Zephyr airily.

ZEPHYR.

Over hills and dales I go  
Hither, thither, to and fro  
Even as a mystery  
In some wilderness of glee,  
All day long distributing  
Breezy songs the twittering  
Orioles and linnets sing.

TITANIA.

A gracious spirit surely!



## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

OBERON.

Ariel

Arrayed in sorry pantomime or more  
Probably some imp of Nature. Nature  
Ever was as varying as the air  
Consoling Mother Maudlin.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Fickleness

Is a feminine virtue.. Nothing more!  
For there, descending from the balcony  
Of yonder mountain summits visibly—  
Behold, behold once more across the hills  
Apollo walks down from the Orient!  
The slumbering universe awakes! Day, day  
Is at the door!

OBERON.

Away!

CAPRICES.

TITANIA.

Away!

ALL.

Away!

*As day breaks over the forest,  
the birds are heard singing and,  
with a quaint device, the spirits  
all mysteriously vanish.*

## THE SISTERS.

Night, in the chambered east,  
Sits with Dawn at the door.  
Dropped from her golden feast,  
Star-crumbs scatter the floor.

Mice, from behind the sun,  
Patter along the sky;  
Nibbling the crumbs they run  
Touching with footprints shy.

Echoes of purring sound  
Over the world below;  
Nothing more to be found,  
Scamper—away they go!

## CAPRICES.

Dawn, in the chambered east,  
Sits by an open door.  
Night has gone from the feast ;  
Barren of crumbs the floor.

## AN UMBEL, FOR SPRING.

Hear the Days come marching on  
Noon by noon,  
Stealing down the starry lawn  
All with boon,  
Laughing lips the sunlight presses  
As they shake their golden tresses  
Round the moon.

Dawning human blushes race  
Everywhere and run  
Over many a rosy face,  
As the sun  
Rises and  
Fills the land  
With a warm and purple haze.

## CAPRICES.

Voices in the waters throng  
Once more chorusing a song  
All the happy elves are singing  
    Far and near,  
As the season passes winging  
    Down the year.

Perfumes seem forever flowing  
In sweet rivers through the air,  
While the elfin horns are blowing  
    Everywhere:  
Even as the wind translates  
Into unknown tongues a lay,  
    Serenading  
    Maiden Spring  
Paying toll at all the gates  
Where the caravans of May  
Strike their dewy, southern tents,  
Delicate with woven scents.

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Breaking camp  
With muted tramp;  
Marching nearer past the gleaming,  
Idle rivers southward dreaming  
Weird and quaintly;  
All so faintly  
Chanting unto Spring  
Songs that men may never sing.

While the timid buds peep out  
Of the tents now pitched about  
In the grasses,  
Where the south-wind guards the passes,  
Breezy voices, unafraid in  
View of lofty  
Spirits, softly  
Murmur while the queenly maiden,  
Giving hostages of flowers  
To the golden, Circean hours,  
Passes near—  
Winging, winging, winging down the year.

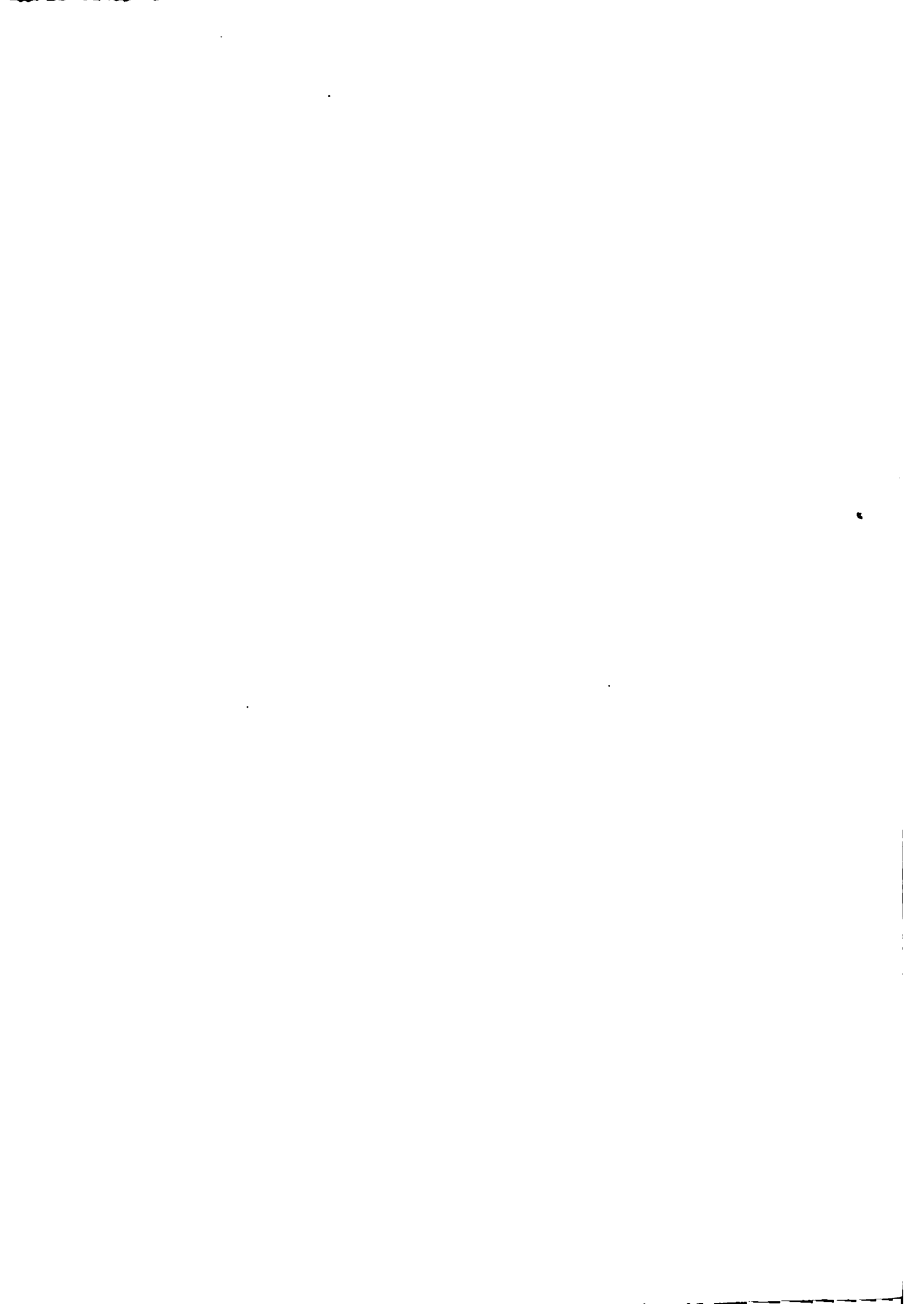
## INSCRIPTION.

A wayside loiterer, it will be said,  
Who held in reverence the lowly flower;  
A wanderer, whose dreams were bread,  
While roving on to the last hour

Of that inevitable evening, far away  
O where some mountain rivulet may tell  
Its pebbly rosaries! shall stay  
And wave to thee and wish thee well.







**THIS IS THE END OF  
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